The Wings of the Morning

By LOUIS TRACY

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CHAPTER II.

WHEN the Sirdar parted amidships the floor of the saloon heaved up in the center with a mighty crash of rending woodwork and iron. Men and women, too stupefied to sob out a prayer, were pitched headlong into chaos. Iris, torn from the terrified grasp of her maid, fell through a corridor and would have gone down with the ship had not a sailor, clinging to a companion ladder, caught her as she whirled along the steep slope of the deck.

He did not know what had happened. With the instinct of self preservation he seized the nearest support when the vessel struck. It was the mere impulse of ready helpfulness that caused him to stretch out his left arm and clasp the girl's waist as she fluttered past. By idle chance they were on the port side, and the ship, after pausing for one awful second, fell over to starboard.

The man was not prepared for this second gyration. Even as the stairway canted he lost his balance; they were both thrown violently through the open hatchway and swept off into the boiling surf. Under such conditions thought itself was impossible. A series of impressions, a number of fantastic pictures, were received by the benumbed faculties and afterward painfully sorted out by the memory. Fear, anguish, amazement—none of these could exist. All he knew was that the lifeless form of a woman—for Iris had happily fainted—must be held until death itself wrenched her from him. Then there came the headlong plunge into the swirling sea, followed by an indefinite period of gasping oblivion. Something that felt like a moving rock rose up beneath his feet. He was driven clear out of the water and seemed to recognize a familiar object rising rigid and bright close at hand. It was the pinnacle pillar, screwed to a portion of the deck which came away from the chart house, and was rent from the upper framework by contact with the reef. He seized this unlooked for support with his disengaged hand.

A uniformed figure—he thought it was the captain—stretched out an unavailing arm to clasp the queer raft which supported the sailor and the girl, but a jealous wave rose under the platform with devilish energy and turned it completely over, hurling the man with his inanimate burden into the depths. He rose, fighting madly for his life. Now surely he was doomed. But again, as if human existence depended on naught more serious than the spinning of a coin, his knees rested on the same few stanch timbers, now the ceiling of the music room, and he was given a brief respite. His greatest difficulty was to get his breath, so dense was the spray through which he was driven. Even in that terrible moment he kept his senses. The girl, utterly unconscious, showed by the convulsive heaving of her breast that she was choking. With a wild effort he swung her head round to shield her from the flying scud with his own form.

The tiny air space thus provided gave her some relief, and in that instant the sailor seemed to recognize her. He was not remotely capable of a definite idea. Just as he vaguely realized the identity of the woman in his arms the unsteady support on which he rested toppled over. Again he renewed the unequal contest. A strong, resolute man and a typhoon sea wrestled for supremacy.

This time his feet plunged against something gratefully solid. He was dashed forward, still battling with the raging turmoil of water, and a second time he felt the same firm yet smooth surface. His dormant faculties awoke. It was sand. With frenzied desperation, buoyed now by the inspiring hope of safety, he fought his way onward like a maniac.

Often he fell. Three times did the backwash try to drag him to the swirling death behind, but he staggered blindly on, on, until even the tearing gale ceased to be laden with the suffocating foam, and his faltering feet sank in deep soft white sand.

Then he fell, not to rise again. With a last weak flicker of exhausted strength he drew the girl closely to him, and the two lay clasped tightly together, heedless now of all things.

How long the man remained prostrate he could only guess subsequently. The Sirdar struck soon after daybreak, and the sailor awoke to a hazy consciousness of his surroundings to find a shaft of sunshine flickering through the clouds banked up in the east. The gale was already passing away. Although the wind still whistled with shrill violence, it was more blustering than threatening. The sea, too, though running very high, had retreated many yards from the spot where he had finally dropped, and its surface was no longer scourged with venomous spray.

Slowly and painfully he raised himself to a sitting posture, for he was bruised and stiff. With his first movement he became violently ill. He had swallowed much salt water, and it was not until the spasm of sickness had passed that he thought of the girl.

"She cannot be dead," he hoarsely murmured, feebly trying to lift her. "Surely Providence would not desert her after such an escape. What a weak beggar I must be to give in at the last moment! I am sure she was living when we got ashore. What on earth can I do to revive her?"

Forgetful of his own aching limbs in this newborn anxiety, he sank on one knee and gently pillowed Iris' head and shoulders on the other. Her eyes were closed, her lips and teeth firmly set—a fact to which she undoubtedly owed her life, else she would have been suffocated—and the pallor of her skin seemed to be that terrible bloodless hue which indicates death. The stern lines in the man's face relaxed, and something blurred his vision. He was weak from exhaustion and want of food. For the moment his emotions were easily aroused.

"Oh, it is pitiful!" he almost whimpered. "It cannot be!"

With a gesture of despair he drew the sleeve of his thick jersey across his eyes to clear them from the gathering

He staggered blindly on.

mist. Then he tremblingly endeavored to open the neck of her dress. He was startled to find the girl's eyes wide open and surveying him with shadowy alarm. She was quite conscious.

"Thank God!" he cried hoarsely. "You are alive."

Her color came back with remarkable rapidity. She tried to assume a sitting posture, and instinctively her hands traveled to her disarranged costume.

"How ridiculous!" she said, with a little note of annoyance in her voice, which sounded curiously hollow. But her brave spirit could not yet command her enfeebled frame. She was perforce compelled to sink back to the support of his knee and arm.

"Do you think you could lie quiet until I try to find some water?" he gasped anxiously.

She nodded a childlike acquiescence, and her eyelids fell. It was only that her eyes smarted dreadfully from the salt water, but the sailor was sure that this was a premonition of a lapse to unconsciousness.

"Please try not to faint again," he said. "Don't you think I had better loosen these things? You can breathe more easily."

A ghost of a smile flickered on her lips. "No—no," she murmured. "My eyes hurt me—that is all. Is there—any—water?"

He laid her tenderly on the sand and rose to his feet. His first glance was toward the sea. He saw something which made him blink with astonishment. A heavy sea was still running over the barrier reef which inclosed a small lagoon. The contrast between the fierce commotion outside and the comparatively smooth surface of the protected pool was very marked. At low tide the lagoon was almost completely isolated. Indeed he imagined that only a fierce gale blowing from the northwest would enable the waves to leap the reef, save where a strip of broken water, surging far into the small natural harbor, betrayed the position of the tiny entrance.

Yet at this very point a fine cocoanut palm reared its stately column high in air, and its long, tremulous fronds were now swinging wildly before the gale. From where he stood it appeared to be growing in the midst of the sea, for huge breakers completely hid the coral embankment. This sentinel of the land had a weirdly impressive effect. It was the only fixed object in the waste of foam capped waves. Not a vestige of the Sirdar remained seaward, but the sand was littered with wreckage, and—mournful spectacle—a considerable number of inanimate human forms lay huddled up amid the relics of the steamer.

This discovery stirred him to action. He turned to survey the land on which he was stranded with his helpless companion. To his great relief he discovered that it was lofty and tree clad. He knew that the ship could not have drifted to Borneo, which still lay far to the south. This must be one of the hundreds of islands which stud the China sea and provide resorts for Haiuan fishermen. Probably it was inhabited, though he thought it strange that none of the islanders had put in an appearance. In any event water and food of some sort were assured. But before setting out upon his quest two things demanded attention. The girl must be removed from her present position. It would be too horrible to permit her first conscious gaze to rest upon those crumpled objects on the beach. Common humanity demanded, too, that he should hastily examine each of the bodies in case life was not wholly extinct.

So he bent over the girl, noting with sudden wonder that, weak as she was, she had managed to refasten part of her bodice.

"You must permit me to carry you a little farther inland," he explained gently.

Without another word he lifted her in his arms, marveling somewhat at the strength which came of necessity, and bore her some little distance until a sturdy rock jutting out of the sand offered shelter from the wind and protection from the sea and its revelations.

"I am so cold and tired," murmured Iris. "Is there any water? My throat hurts me."

He pressed back the tangled hair from her forehead as he might soothe a child.

"Try to lie still for a very few minutes," he said. "You have not long to suffer. I will return immediately."

His own throat and palate were on fire owing to the brine, but he first hurried back to the edge of the lagoon. There were fourteen bodies in all, three women and eleven men, four of the latter being Lascars. The women were saloon passengers whom he did not know. One of the men was the surgeon, another the first officer, a third Sir John Tozer. The rest were passengers and members of the crew. They were all dead; some had been peacefully drowned, others were fearfully mangled by the rocks. Two of the Lascars, bearing signs of dreadful injuries, were lying on a cluster of low rocks overhanging the water. The remainder rested on the sand.

The sailor exhibited no visible emotion while he conducted his sad scrutiny. When he was assured that this silent company was beyond mortal help he at once strode away toward the nearest belt of trees. He could not tell how long the search for water might be protracted, and there was pressing need for it.

When he reached the first clump of brushwood he uttered a delighted exclamation. There, growing in prodigal luxuriance, was the beneficent pitcher plant, whose large curled up leaf, shaped like a teacup, not only holds a lasting quantity of rain water, but mixes therewith its own palatable and natural juices.

With his knife he severed two of the leaves and hastened to Iris with the precious beverage. She heard him and managed to raise herself on an elbow. The poor girl's eyes glistened at the prospect of relief. Without a word of question or surprise she swallowed the contents of both leaves.

Then she found utterance. "How odd it tastes. What is it?" she inquired.

But the eagerness with which she quenched her thirst renewed his own momentarily forgotten torture. His tongue seemed to swell. He was absolutely unable to reply.

The water revived Iris like a magic draft. Her quick intuition told her what had happened.

"You have had none yourself!" she cried. "Go at once and get some! And please bring me some more!"

He required no second bidding. After hastily gulping down the contents of several leaves he returned with a further supply. Iris was now sitting up. The sun had burst royally through the clouds, and her chilled limbs were gaining some degree of warmth and elasticity.

"What is it?" she repeated after another delicious draft.

"The leaf of the pitcher plant. Nature is not always cruel. In an unusually generous mood she devised this method of storing water."

Miss Deane reached out her hand for more. Her troubled brain refused to wonder at such a reply from an ordinary seaman. The sailor deliberately spilled the contents of a remaining leaf on the sand.

"No, madam," he said, with an odd mixture of deference and firmness. "No more at present. I must first procure you some food."

She looked up at him in momentary silence.

"The ship is lost?" she said after a pause.

"Yes, madam."

"Are we the only people saved?"

"I fear so."

"Is this a desert island?"

"I think not, madam. It may by chance be temporarily uninhabited, but fishermen from China come to all these places. I have seen no other living beings except ourselves. Nevertheless the islanders may live on the south side."

"It surely cannot be possible that the Sirdar has gone to pieces—a magnificent vessel of her size and strength?"

He answered quietly: "It is too true, madam. I suppose you hardly knew she struck, it happened so suddenly. Afterward, fortunately for you, you were unconscious."

"How do you know?" she inquired quickly. A flood of vivid recollection was pouring in upon her.

"I—er—well, I happened to be near you, madam, when the ship broke up, and we—er—drifted ashore together."

She rose and faced him. "I remember now," she cried hysterically. "You caught me as I was thrown into the corridor. We fell into the sea when the vessel turned over. You have saved my life. Were it not for you I could not possibly have escaped!"

She gazed at him more earnestly, seeing that he blushed beneath the crust of salt and sand that covered his face. "Why," she went on, with growing excitement, "you are the steward I noticed in the saloon yesterday. How is it that you are now dressed as a sailor?"

He answered readily enough. "There was an accident on board during the gale, madam. I am a fair sailor, but a poor steward, so I applied for a transfer. As the crew was short handed, my offer was accepted."

Iris was now looking at him intently. "You saved my life," she repeated slowly. It seemed that this obvious fact needed to be indelibly established in her mind. Indeed the girl was overwrought by all that she had gone through. Only by degrees were her thoughts marshaling themselves with lucid coherence. As yet she recalled so many dramatic incidents that they failed to assume due proportion.

But quickly there came memories of Captain Ross, of Sir John and Lady Tozer, of the doctor, her maid, the hundred and one individualities of her pleasant life aboard ship. Could it be that they were all dead? The notion was monstrous. But its ghastly significance was instantly borne in upon her by the plight in which she stood. Her lips quivered; the tears trembled in her eyes.

"Is it really true that all the ship's company except ourselves are lost?" she brokenly demanded.

The sailor's gravely earnest glance fell before hers. "Unhappily there is no room for doubt," he said.

"Are you quite, quite sure?"

"I am sure—of some." Involuntarily he turned seaward.

She understood him. She sank to her knees, covered her face with her hands and broke into a passion of weeping. With a look of infinite pity he stooped and would have touched her shoulder, but he suddenly restrained the impulse. Something had hardened this man. It cost him an effort to be callous, but he succeeded. His mouth tightened, and his expression lost its tenderness.

"Come, come, my dear lady," he exclaimed, and there was a tinge of studied roughness in his voice, "you must calm yourself. It is the fortune of shipwreck as well as of war, you know. We are alive and must look after ourselves. Those who have gone are beyond our help."

"But not beyond our sympathy," wailed Iris, uncovering her swimming eyes for a fleeting look at him. Even in the utter desolation of the moment she could not help marveling that this queer mannered sailor, who spoke like a gentleman and tried to pose as her inferior, who had rescued her with the utmost gallantry, who carried his quixotic zeal to the point of first supplying her needs when he was in far worse case himself, should be so utterly indifferent to the fate of others.

He waited silently until her sobs ceased.

"Now, madam," he said, "it is essential that we should obtain some food. I don't wish to leave you alone until we are better acquainted with our whereabouts. Can you walk a little way toward the trees, or shall I assist you?"

Iris immediately stood up. She pressed her hair back defiantly.

"Certainly I can walk," she answered. "What do you propose to do?"

"Well, madam—"

"What is your name?" she interrupted imperiously.

"Jenks, madam. Robert Jenks."

"Thank you. Now listen, Mr. Robert Jenks. My name is Miss Iris Deane. On board ship I was a passenger and you were a steward—that is, until you became a seaman. Here we are equals in misfortune, but in all else you are the leader. I am quite useless. I can only help in matters by your direction,

Plodding together through the sand.

so I do not wish to be addressed as 'madam' in every breath. Do you understand me?"

"As you wish, Miss Deane," he said. "The fact remains that I have many things to attend to, and we really must eat something."

"What can we eat?"

"Let us find out," he replied, scanning the nearest trees with keen scrutiny.

They plodded together through the sand in silence. Physically they were a superb couple, but in appearance they resembled scarecrows. Both, of course, were bareheaded. The sailor's jersey and trousers were old and torn, and the sea water still soughed loudly in his heavy boots with each step.

But Iris was in a deplorable plight. Her hair fell in a great wave of golden brown strands over her neck and shoulders. Every hairpin had vanished, but with a few dexterous twists she coiled the flying tresses into a loose knot. Her beautiful dress was rent and draggled. It was drying rapidly under the ever increasing power of the sun, and she surreptitiously endeavored to complete the fastening of the open portion about her neck.

Suddenly he gave a glad shout. "By Jove, Miss Deane, we are in luck's way! There is a fine plantain tree."

The pangs of hunger could not be resisted. Although the fruit was hardly ripe, they tore at the great bunches and ate ravenously. Iris made no pretense in the matter, and the sailor was in worse plight, for he had been on duty continuously since 4 o'clock the previous afternoon.

At last their appetite was somewhat appeased, though plantains might not appeal to a gourmand as the solitary joint.

"Now," decided Jenks, "you must rest here a little while, Miss Deane. I'm going back to the beach. You need not be afraid. There are no animals to harm you, and I will not go far away."

"What are you going to do on the beach?" she demanded.

"To rescue stores, for the most part."

"May I not come with you. I can be of some little service surely?"

He answered slowly: "Please oblige me by remaining here at present. In less than an hour I will return, and then perhaps you will find plenty to do."

She read his meaning intuitively and shivered. "I could not do that," she murmured. "I would faint. While you are away I will pray for them, my unfortunate friends."

As he passed from her side he heard her sobbing quietly.

When he reached the lagoon he halted suddenly. Something startled him. He was quite certain that he had counted fourteen corpses. Now there were only twelve. The two Lascars' bodies which rested on the small group of rocks on the verge of the lagoon had vanished.

Where had they gone?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What Men Want

They Must Have Nerve in Order to be Happy.—Now Free to All.

There is a medicine that imparts "nerve" and all the powers and attributes of superb and virile manhood. That will enable any man to privately, quickly and cheaply cure himself of nervous exhaustion and its attendant defects and weaknesses that unfit for the duties and pleasures of life.

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LULLABY.

The night is long, I know, I know,
The clock ticks solemnly and slow,
Lullaby, hush-a-by, hush;
But mother watches while you sleep,
So slumber long and sound and deep,
Lullaby, hush-a-by, hush.

Away to dreamland softly float,
Away to dreamland go,
With silken sails and fairy boat
And winds that lightly blow;
Sing low, swing low, sing low,
Lullaby, lullaby, oh.

The road is long, I know, I know,
For baby's little feet to go,
Lullaby, hush-a-by, hush;
But mother loves you, baby dear,
And she will guide you, never fear,
Lullaby, hush-a-by, hush.

Away to dreamland softly float,
Away to dreamland go,
With silken sails and fairy boat
And winds that lightly blow,
Sing low, swing low, sing low,
Lullaby, lullaby, oh.
—Chicago Chronicle.

THE SACRIFICE OF YVES, THE FISHERMAN

By MAXIME AUDOIN

THAT fellow Yves has never known what it was to have a mother or a father, much less a single friend. With him the most important fact was that he was strong; his two arms were all he had to keep him from starvation. He was handsome, but he did not know it, nor would he have cared if he had known it; his regular features and proud carriage told of noble blood.

The men in the village hated him because he was a stranger, and because his courage was greater than their own, and they were jealous, too, because his good looks pleased the women. Both men and women feared him. Why, he did not know or care.

Yves lived in a stone cabin that he had built himself during the winter, when the fishing season was at an end; he carved little boats and playthings that he sold during the season to tourists. And because he never spent his money in getting drunk at the tavern, the villagers called him stingy.

Furthermore, they hated him because one terrible night during the equinoctial gale, when not a single sailor dared to go out, Yves went alone in his light boat to the rescue of a schooner upon the rocks. After this their hatred redoubled; but hatred is not enough to kill a man who desires to live.

One evening, it was three wears after the rescue of the schooner, Yves was alone in his cabin, when he heard feeble cries outside the door. It was in winter and a cruel north wind was making the snowflakes dance in great swirls on the cold beach.

Yves opened the door. Crouched upon the sill he saw a woman and a

SHE HEARD A VOICE CALLING.

little girl, huddled closely together and moaning piteously. Yves carried them into the house, and, piling the wood upon the fire, prepared a great bed of seaweed for them in one corner.

But the woman had suffered too long from the lack of food and the cold. Early the next day she died. Then that fellow Yves adopted the little girl, a frail figure of 13, with big pleading brown eyes. Her name was Margariton.

After this winter night a new life began for the lonely Yves. To him Margariton became a whole family. She was society, she was his daughter, his sister, his companion, his friend, she was his idol, before whom he prostrated himself in perpetual adoration.

There was nothing too good for her, and the money he had earned so painfully was scattered gladly for the finest stuffs for her dresses and beautiful lace and gold chains. Margariton might well have become selfish in the midst of such loving worship, but there was no room for aught save grateful affection in her warm little heart.

Not far from their cabin, the rock cliffs, sloping gently on either side, made room for a tiny beach of finest sand, where in one corner rose a stream of purest water.

One summer afternoon Margariton, her pitcher poised upon her head, was following the narrow path that led to the spring, when she heard a voice calling to her. Turning, half frightened, she saw a young man, an artist, sitting on the rocks before his easel.

For a moment the painter stood lost in admiration of the beauty of the girl before him; then as she was about to hasten on, he stretched out both hands, pleadingly, regardless of the fact that he was still holding his palette and brushes, and cried:

"Young lady, I beg and entreat you to remain just where you are, without moving, if only for an instant!"

"Gladly," said Margariton, blushing rosily.

The painter immediately disappeared behind his canvas and the brushes flew fast as he worked. Half an hour later he asked his model to inspect his first sketch.

Margariton hastened to his side, her curiosity stronger than her fear. At the sight of the canvas on the easel she stopped short in ecstasy, without a word to express her rapturous admiration.

"Ah, my beautiful stranger! This means the salon for me," cried the artist, enthusiastically. "Tell me, will you come back to-morrow at this same time? And what is your name?"

"Margariton," replied the girl, shyly, as she nodded her head in consent.

The next day Margariton was prompt at the meeting. She had not said anything to Yves of her chance encounter with the stranger, nor of her promise. Not that she felt that she had done wrong, but from a quick instinct of prudence, as if it were a presentiment of the pain she might cause her brother. It was the first secret there had ever been between them.

A week passed, and still another week, and if the portrait had not advanced it was different with the friendship between the artist and his model. Friendship? Nay, Jean Vermeuil knew well enough it was no mere feeling of friendship that made his heart beat so hard at the sight of the beautiful girl.

He loved her with all the strength of his being, and resolved that, could he win her love, he would marry her. But what of the brother Yves, to whom Margariton owed such a debt of gratitude? What would he say?

The villagers, who had known from the first of the meetings at the spring, took care that Yves should not be left in ignorance. What terrible vengeance would the hated Yves, they asked one another, take upon the painter? They did not know, but they awaited the outburst of his wrath with a cruel anxiety.

But there was no sign on his face, whatever he may have felt. Only that night after he had kissed Margariton good night the young girl heard him toss uneasily upon his rough couch before she went happily to sleep.

The next day his mind was made up. In the afternoon, when the young girl went singing to the trysting place, Yves, hidden among the rocks, was present at the meeting. Not a detail of the pretty courtship escaped his jealous eye—the warm hand clasps and the tender glances which, better than words, betrayed their passion.

And no one heard the bitter sigh when Margariton, radiant in the wonderful happiness of being loved by the man who made earth a paradise to her, cried:

"I must tell my brother Yves that you want to marry me; me, a poor girl, penniless and without education! He will be glad, too, but not as I love you, Jean, my beloved!"

Yves had changed greatly during the last weeks. He no longer ate or slept, and his eyes burned strangely in his pale face. Margariton in her happiness did not see the change, nor did she notice, when she took her brother's hand in hers and told him her secret, that he braced himself against the wall to keep himself from falling.

"You love him and you ask my consent, Margariton?" Yves asked, hoarsely. "You are free, little one, to do as you will, but I am gratified that you did not forget me utterly. You are the one being on earth that I love; you know it well, and your happiness is all I seek. Marry the man you love, little one; be happy always."

Yves placed a bag of gold in her hand.

"This is for your wedding dress," he said. "I have had it ready for you a long time."

Then, with a long kiss on the girl's forehead, Yves went out, but this time he did not turn at her signals of farewell.

Sitting proudly erect in his boat, balancing easily with the rise and fall of the waves, a single fisherman was darkly outlined against the sunset colored waters of the bay. Alone upon the beach, Jean Vermeuil watched him in admiration.

"What a splendid fellow," he cried. "I must ask him to pose for me some day."

He watched the boat glide easily upon the surface of the water, carried by the current out toward the open sea and to the heart of the golden sun. Soon the man was but a black dot on the horizon. Then he disappeared forever.—From the French, in Detroit Free Press.

Getting Rich Slowly.

Ordinarily a great fortune is built up like a stone wall—a stone at a time. The young man who declines to lay the first stone, because it comes so far short of a wall, will never make progress in financial masonry. An immense proportion of the people of this country live up to their incomes, laying aside nothing for the traditional rainy day. Because they cannot save $1,000 in a bunch they save nothing. The greatest financial kings of the world have not been above taking care of the pennies even. The great financian institutions look after even the fractions of pennies.—Troy Times.

Making Him Earn His Pay.

City magistrate—Ten dollars or ten days, and don't let me see you here again.

Prisoner (who has been fined for the usual D. D.)—Oh, but you will, sir. We don't pay you $5,000 a year for doin' nothin', yer know.—New Yorker.

An Improvement.

He—Were you fond of fairy tales when you were a little girl?

She—Yes, but they weren't half so interesting as the ones you tell me!—Detroit Free Press.

PARASITES OF HESSIAN FLY

How the Insect Friends of the Farmer May Be Distinguished from the Enemy of the Wheat Field.

The importance of parasitic enemies of insects that prey upon our farm crops is very great and grave. In a recent bulletin from the Missouri experiment station Prof. J. M. Stedman calls attention to a number of parasites of the Hessian fly as follows:

"The great importance of the work of various parasitic insects in destroying the Hessian fly and preventing its undue increase can scarcely be overestimated. Undoubtedly these parasites kill practically every year from 50 to

WHEAT PLANT AND HESSIAN FLY.

a, egg; b, larva; c, puparium or "flaxseed;" d, pupa; e, adult female; f, adult female, enlarged; g, male, enlarged; h, "flaxseeds;" i, parasite of Hessian fly.

90 per cent. of the Hessian flies before they reach maturity, and in some years a greater per cent. are thus destroyed. Still, notwithstanding this great reduction by parasitic insects and also by unfavorable climatic conditions, these insects frequently become unduly numerous and consequently destructive. It is not only because of the economic importance of these parasites of the Hessian fly, but also because of the fact that otherwise the cultivator would not as a rule be able to distinguish them from the Hessian fly itself, that we have thought best to give an illustration of the more common species of these parasites found in this state. A glance at the illustration shown will go much farther toward acquainting the average agriculturist with these insects, and of enabling him to recognize and separate them from the Hessian fly, than any amount of description would do; and hence we will not enter into description of each species.

"It should be observed that the Hessian fly has but one pair of wings, the second pair being represented by a slender club-like rudiment; while in all the parasites there are two pairs of wings, the first pair, however, much larger than the second pair. In one species, Baetomus subapterus, the insect is frequently found without wings at all. Although the Hessian fly and its various parasites look alike to the casual observer, the above facts will enable one to note the difference, if followed with a little close observation and sharp eyes, especially if one be provided with a hand lens."

Berlin's Bird Catcher.

Berlin supports a professional birdcatcher, who keeps scientific institutions supplied with birds, nests and eggs. He is the only man in the empire permitted to do so.

When a Good Man Dies.

A man's neighbors seldom realize what an excellent man has been living among them, all undiscovered, until they hear the minister tell about it at his funeral.—Chicago Sun.

Extensive Country.

New South Wales is just two and one-half times the size of the British isles. Queensland is equal to three times the German empire and Belgium put together.

One Man's Wife.

"George Washington couldn't tell a lie." "I wish my wife were like George; she can tell a lie the minute I tell it to her."—Houston Post.

The Ham-Laying Hen.

This mild weather gives biddy a chance to go singing around as of old, which means ham and eggs for breakfast.—Franklin (Pa.) News.

Power of Clothes.

Dress may not make the man, but it has succeeded in acquiring considerable prominence among the ladies. —Baltimore Sun.

Has No Paupers.

Servia has no paupers. Even the poorest people succeed in establishing homes of their own, and most of them own them.

Colored Cotton.

Cotton grows in Peru in 12 different colors.